

# Annual Shooting Match

By  
**Pocahontas Co. Rod & Gun Club**

Friday, December 27th, 1935

Beginning at 9 O'clock A. M.

At  
**Pocahontas County Fair Grounds**  
Turkeys, Chickens, Sugar, Coffee, Etc.

Rifles with open sights. Shot  
Guns, all 12 Gauge

Hot Lunches served on grounds

Everybody invited. Come and enjoy yourself.

1935

We've quarried with the democrats,  
republicans we've kicked,  
We've laughed until our sides were  
sore  
to see each other licked;  
We've prayed for Ethiopians  
to Gods they do not know.  
We've roiled at Mussi Lena bold  
and Hailed Selasi's show.  
We've sung God's praises loud and  
long,  
the ten commandments spun,  
And then we've gone and done the  
things  
that we should not have done.  
Natural laws we have repealed,—  
adopted man-made rules,  
We've taken wisdom to ourselves  
and called all others fools.  
But, there's no use to saddened be,—  
the worst is yet to come.  
We will not live to see it through,  
so why should we be grieved?  
Christmas will come and go  
and one of them is here,  
So,—MERRY may your CHRIST-  
MAS be  
for this now passing year.

1936

Hey, there, young fellow, THIRTY  
SIX!  
We're glad you're strong and well.  
You've found us in an awful fix,  
Give us a padded cell  
Where we can harmless, happy be,  
Free from all pain and fear.  
Then give us light enough to see  
A HAPPY, PROUD NEW YEAR  
—A. E. EWING.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

smelled his way through life; but the  
end came when, having clawed out  
bean hole one night, he got his head  
stuck in the iron pot and smothered  
to death. He was found stiff and cold  
in the morning by the enraged camp  
cook, and he is celebrated to this day  
in the woodsmen's memory as "the  
bear in the iron mack."

### A Wildcat Fond of Music

There is the experience relat-  
ed by Peter Neptune of the Tarratine  
(Penobscot) Indian tribe, a famous  
trapper and hunter, who once was  
well acquainted with the wild cat  
that responded instantly to the mel-  
ody of a mouth harp and paused in  
rapture at the sound of a violin.

Music instantly transformed this  
cats nature from ferocity to lamb like  
gentleness, and anyone twanging a  
jewisharp might walk the woods for-  
ever safe from his teeth and claws.

But music was the big cat's un-  
doing in the end. Taking advantage  
of his weakness one night while he  
hung about a logging camp listening  
in rapt delight to the strains of an  
accordion within, an unsympathetic  
sledtender sneaked up behind him  
and slew him with an axe.

And not so very long ago a mother  
bear was said to have adopted a little  
child, lost in the wilderness not far  
from its home, and to have licked the  
baby's face as innocently played with  
her cubs. It was described as  
a pretty picture until the child's father  
came along with a rifle, shot the  
motherly bear dead and carried away  
her babies along with his own.

Bullet-Dodging Phantom Moose  
Up around Ambejus Lake linger  
the story of a phantom bull moose,  
bearing a charmed life as he galloped  
over the country side.

This moose was bigger than any  
horse, carried antlers that must have  
spread seventy inches and wore a  
coat described by pursuers as "dirty"  
white. That's why he was called  
"phantom", that and the miraculous  
way he dodged bullets for many a  
year.

Literally hundreds of hunters  
chased this phantom of the forests of  
Ambejus, season after season, and  
tons of lead were fired at him, but  
not a bullet reached him. Indians  
and French Canucks trembled and  
crossed themselves at the sight of  
this ghostly monster and fled to the  
shelter of their camps.

A wealthy New Yorker, who had  
pursued the apparition for two seasons,  
offered \$1,000 for his head. It  
might as well asked for the moon.  
The phantom moose must by this  
time have died of old age. Certainly  
he never was killed by a bullet. A  
doubtful story started once that it  
was not a moose at all, but an old gray  
horse, loose in the woods. But Ambe-  
jeus scorns that theory and clings to  
memories of its phantom.

### NOTICE

To the Creditors and Beneficiaries of  
the Estate of Joe Hamel, deceased:  
All persons having claims against  
the estate of Joe Hamel, deceased,  
whether due or not, are notified to  
exhibit the same, with the voucher  
thereof, legally verified, to the un-  
derigned at his office, in the town of  
Marlington, Pocahontas county, West  
Virginia, on or before June 10, 1936;  
otherwise they may be excluded  
from the benefit of said estate. All  
beneficiaries of said estate are not-  
ified to be present on said day to  
protect their interests.  
Given under my hand this 10th day  
of December, 1935.

T. S. McNeel,  
Commissioner of Accounts of  
Pocahontas County.

### Notice

To the Creditors of James Gibson:  
All persons having claims against  
the Estate of James Gibson, whether  
due or not, are notified to exhibit  
the same, with the voucher thereof, leg-  
ally verified, to the undersigned at his  
office in the town of Marlington, Poca-  
hontas county, West Virginia, on or  
before the 5th of June, 1936; other-  
wise they may be excluded from  
the benefit of said estate. All  
beneficiaries of said estate are not-  
ified to be present on said day to  
protect their interests.  
Given under my hand this 2nd day  
of December, 1935.

J. E. Buckley,  
Commissioner of Accounts of  
Pocahontas County.

### Horses for Sale

1 six year old saddle mare, well  
broken. 1 yearling saddle colt.  
—Clarence W. Beard,  
Hillsboro, W. Va.

### AROOSTOOK TALES

(New York Sun)

BANGOR, Me., Dec. 14. — From  
Aroostook's expansive wilderness  
comes the startling tale of a buck  
deer carrying heavy antlers upon a  
massive head set upon an immense  
body, but unable to more than wad  
die away when alarmed, because its  
legs are no longer than a pig's.

The Rev. Basil Gleason of Brewer,  
brought the tale to Bangor, and he  
had it retold from two hunters who  
brought the amazing beast which in-  
habits the swamps around Wytopit-  
lock.

Although some persons are skepti-  
cal about this story of a "sawed off"  
deer as a fantasy of sportsmen, there  
are old woodsmen and hunters who  
are willing to accept it and who are  
ready to match it or surpass it with  
freaks and marvels from their own  
experience.

### Fast-Traveling Still Legs

It is recalled, for example, that  
once there roamed the forests about  
Squaw Mountain, near Moosehead  
Lake, a buck deer whose legs were so  
long that he appeared to be on stilts.  
He was reputed to stand nearly as  
high as a giraffe and to have had an  
amazingly long neck.

In midwinter, when heavy snow  
forced deer to herd in sheltered places  
known as "yards," there to subsist  
until Spring upon mosses and such  
tender twigs as they could nibble  
from the trees, this long-legged deer  
was able to feast upon branches that  
were too high for any ordinary deer  
to reach.

The speed of this buck, called  
"Long Jim" was such as to discour-  
age the fleetest of hunting dogs, and  
he thought nothing of wading small  
lakes or moving all over northern  
Penobscot, Piscataquis and Aroos-  
took counties within a single week.

In fact, he was reported in so many  
places at about the same time that  
hunters thought there must be sever-  
al of him. But there was only one  
"Long Jim." Now there isn't any.  
For one day Jim got his neck and  
head entangled in some telegraph  
wires and was strangled.

His carcass was devoured by bob-  
cats and foxes, and when the tragedy  
was discovered in the following  
Spring only his antlers and a few  
bones remained. The leg bones were  
more than twice the ordinary length.

### Bingo's Hearing and Scouting

Then there was the cross eyed bob-  
cat of Canada Falls, which was al-  
ways jumping upon expected prey  
from limbs of trees or rather jumping  
at expected prey—for he always mis-  
sided by about two feet. The last man  
he missed, a Canuck named Joe  
Soucie, killed him with a camp hatch  
et.

The blind bear of Seebomock also  
deserves a place in the forest hall of  
frim-freaks. Bingo, his name was,  
and it was said that he had two  
good eyes to start with, but that a  
log driver named Peter Pelker punch-  
ed one eye out with a pickpole, while  
a year later, a camp cook ruined the  
other with a pot of boiling water.  
Deprived of sight, Bingo, then in  
the flower of his youth, thenceforth  
was obliged to depend upon the senses  
of hearing and smell. His hearing be-  
came so acute that he could detect  
the rustle of a leaf thirty yards away  
while his scent was so keen that he  
could smell beans baking or bacon  
frying a mile off to leeward and ten  
miles to windward.  
For three years Bingo listened and

### DROOP MOUNTAIN

Editor Pocahontas Times:

I was not at the celebration on  
Droop Mountain, November 6, 1935.  
I have heard that one of the speakers  
said that there was not much of a  
fight there on November 6, 1863.  
I think if he had been there he might  
have thought there was. I was not  
there as I did not enlist in the In-  
fantry line until February 21, 1864,  
but I have talked to soldiers that  
were there.

About 50 years ago a Methodist  
Protestant preacher by the name of  
Cobb, came to the Swago circuit. He  
was a Lieutenant under General Aver-  
el. He said the first shots were  
fired not far from Mill Point (then  
Cackley Town). I have heard that a  
cannon ball passed through the top  
of James E. Moore's barn. (where Lee  
Moore now lives). Lieut. Cobb said  
the confederates got to the top of  
Droop Mountain and blocked the road  
along the steep side of the Mountain  
by cutting trees in the road. They  
then came back on top to the point  
of the Mountain facing Hillsboro,  
built breast works and stilled their  
artillery.

The Federal army bivouaced in the  
Edmondston field on top of the hill  
as you start up the mountain. The  
firing commenced about 4 o'clock, the  
evening of November 5th and continued  
until dark.

In the night Gen. Averel sent the  
main body of the army and left Lieut  
Cobb in command of a company. The  
men sent by General Averel got to  
the road leading from Hillsboro to  
Hills creek (now Lobelia). When  
they got to the top of Caesar's moun-  
tain, they struck the Bruffey's creek  
road and came back and attacked the  
Confederates in the rear near the  
west end of the glade on the morning  
of Nov. 6.

Lieut. Cobb took his company on  
foot across to the west of the pike in  
to the woods before it was light, and  
when they heard the battle commence  
in the rear on top, they climbed the  
steep hill directly under the confeder-  
ate breast works and charged the  
breast works. He said the confeder-  
ates behind the breast works were  
the most stubborn fighters that he  
encountered during the war. They  
stayed to their post and when their  
guns were empty they knocked their  
men off with their guns. He ordered  
his men to poke over their pistols,  
the confederates retreated. Every  
fourth man had been left with the  
horses. The men met the horses near  
where the Spice Post Office now is.  
They chased the confederates down  
the pike.

In passing old Mount Murphy Post  
Office, where Wallace Kershner now  
lives, they saw the toe of a boot  
sticking out of a big bunch of fodder;  
they stopped and got 12 confederate  
soldiers. The last shots were fired  
from Union cannon at the south brow  
of Droop Mountain at the Confeder-  
ates as they retreated down Renick's  
Valley.

There were 41 Federal soldiers  
killed and 79 wounded; 82 confeder-  
ates killed and 158 wounded. The  
wounded soldiers were brought back  
to Uncle Joe Beard's at Hillsboro,  
(where Lee McLaughlin now lives)  
for first aid. It was said there was  
blood on the floor until it ran out at  
the door.

J. R. Parkins, a private in Edgar's  
battalion said they got orders at Lew-  
isburg to meet the Confederate army  
at Academy, now Hillsboro. The  
command came up the old road to a

field below where Winters Cochran  
now lives. With their field glass  
they could see the yankee artillery  
and hear the rattle of the small arms.  
They received a dispatch to get to  
the pike at Renick's Valley. They  
drove their artillery into the lot at  
my grandmothers and turned. When  
they got to Renick's Valley, they met  
the other army retreating.

John and Andy Short, brothers  
reared near the Greenbrier and Poca-  
hontas county line, were in the bat-  
tle. John in the Union and Andy in  
the confederate army. Andy was  
killed.

Some of the family of Uncle George  
Hill, who lived at the "West foot of  
Droop Mountain, found a bomb shell  
and took it to the house. There was  
an Irishman there and he took the  
screw out of the shell with the fuse  
on the porch and fired it and the family  
was all attracted to the porch. The  
Irishman was pecking in the shell  
with a piece of iron; it exploded.  
Some one hollered in: Mike answer-  
ed "O'm kilt! O'm kilt!" When the  
smoke cleared they found Mike  
with his hair burned off and his big  
toe pinned to the floor with a piece  
of the shell, but he was still living.  
The explosion raised the upper floor  
from the joist.

L. S. Cochran,  
Marlington, W. Va.

[Note—The story is told that on  
the day of the battle of Droop Moun-  
tain, the late George Hill had come  
into the Confederate lines from his  
home on the west side of the moun-  
tain, to visit with the soldiers. He  
started for home, and when he came  
to the glade he saw the woods blue  
with approaching Union soldiers.  
He said he knew he was going to be  
killed, and as he preferred to die with  
his friends he made a break back to  
the Confederate line. Bullets rained  
around him, but he made it back  
safely.

Mr. Hill got around to where the  
big guns were firing. Every time the  
cannon was fired, he would be knock-  
ed down. Next time, he would get  
up with the full determination that  
he would stand, come anything. He  
would brand himself accordingly, and  
get a worse fall than before. Finally  
he noticed the gunners fixed their  
bodies and he had better luck keeping  
his feet.

Years ago, a man named Shumate  
kept store at Hillsboro. Mr. Hill had  
entertained Shumate in his home,  
and one day he asked Mr. Hill into  
dinner. There was a step down into  
the dining room which he did not  
notice, with the result he took a head  
er which landed him smack under  
the table. Some of the village folk  
thought to tease him about his em-  
barrassing mishap. He was ready  
with the reply that he just naturally  
had to pull something unusual to  
mark the first invite to dinner in the  
town he had done all his trading in.  
I think he rather had them there.  
—Editor.]

### Notice To Stockholders

Notice is hereby given that the  
annual meeting of the Stockholders  
of the Bank of Marlington, Marlington,  
W. Va., for the election of directors  
and the transaction of any other bus-  
iness that may come before the meet-  
ing, will be held at the office of said  
Bank in Marlington, W. Va., on Mon-  
day, the 6th day of January, 1936 at  
2 o'clock P. M.

This the 7th of December, 1935.  
Hubert Echols,  
Cashier

### A Sunday in Tidewater, Virginia

(By Susan A. Price, M. D.)

Sunday morning, December 15th,  
in Williamsburg, Virginia, was chill  
and very drizzly; a shonion of country  
so much used; plenty of sunsh ne as  
a more or less regular thing, does not  
show up at its best when there is a  
weather change of cloudy and rain or  
snow is predicted. About eight  
thirty a. m. I found myself at the  
college corner, one of the few persons  
about at that hour, a few students  
straggling toward the college dining  
hall. A cross eyed man looking very  
hard at the huge U's of R's spread  
along the college grounds wall, spread  
there some weeks ago with lamp  
black but it sicks all right by the  
University of Richmond students  
who likewise decorated the new stat-  
ue the same way, and other build-  
ings in town while it was off guard  
one night. The college official in  
Richmond offered to pay for the dam-  
ages but William and Mary managers  
loftily declined the offer for some  
mysterious reason to us simple mis-  
led non-collegians who can't see thru  
the modern system of college ethics.

The bus lumbered to its stop and I  
got on; it was pretty well filled up  
with an assortment of people only  
possible in Virginia on a Sunday  
morning. It is a nice ride to Nor-  
folk either by train or bus, only you  
seem to get more for your money from  
the bus line. The bus seems to be  
more adventurous. About a mile  
below Williamsburg, the chief of po-  
lice waved it to a stop; his huge buk  
filled the doorway while he gave a  
silent scrutiny of the occupants. No  
doubt he was on a hunt, checking  
up on each occupant. I was the  
only woman on the bus. All came  
clear, not a word was spoken, but  
the conductor said "two men got off  
above Williamsburg" and the police-  
man stepped down and no doubt con-  
tinues his search about William burg.  
These incidents are of almost daily  
occurrence, so widespread is the net-  
work of misdoings.

A little further on an automobile  
in front suddenly gave a curious  
lurch in one of those unaccountable  
ways of automobiles and the bus  
gave one of its more adventurous and  
sudden stop demonstrations, giving the  
passengers a slight boost in various  
directions. I was moved a few inches  
nearer my final destination, while a  
sleeping sailor bounced into the aisle,  
thinking he had struck the Rock of  
Gibraltar or a submerged reef or  
something. He got straightened out  
quickly and said to nobody in particu-  
lar "you glad we've got brakes?" Then  
he and a fellow sailor got to talking  
he said he was tired riding on the  
bus; he had ridden from Maine, where  
the snow was eighteen inches deep;  
had been home to see his folks and  
was rejoining his ship at Norfolk—  
sailing the next day for Honolulu, he  
rather pussed, although he had not  
been consulted about it; he did not  
care where they went anymore, all  
places were alike to him, only he did  
not like bus riding any more, too  
stuffy in 'em. "Not enough air to  
suit 'em, people have to have air" he  
went on.

After winding through Newport  
News and turning around and com-  
ing back toward Williamsburg for  
some miles, the bus turned off to  
cross the five miles long James River  
bridge, more shorter bridges to cross,  
miles of peanut fields, the peanut  
straw stacks standing black and som-  
bre as the ancient Druid stones we  
read of, may look. About the fields  
we rumbled onto the ferry to cross to  
Norfolk. In front of us looms up a  
huge freighter ship, quite obscuring  
our sight beyond, as it steams across  
our stationary bus. A man says  
"That is a good looking ship, holds a  
train load and better looking ships in Nor-  
folk ports now than there have been  
since the World War; it reminds me  
of that time, but" and one could feel  
the tenseness in the air as he spoke  
these words. "I hope it does not  
mean war is coming again to us. It  
started before with big ships appear-  
ing in Norfolk harbor." The  
ferry deposited the bus load in  
Norfolk, and all were glad to get  
out in the city away from the har-  
bor of shipping, that can hold a  
sombre meaning that the man had  
noticed when he spoke of the mighty  
freighter holding a train load of  
something, putting out to sea.

I had gone to Norfolk to visit Ann  
and Douglas Hubbard, and to join in  
the family gathering to see little Jimmie  
Hubbard, nine months old, a vigorous  
little boy, christened at the most in-  
teresting old building in Norfolk—  
old St. Paul's Church, credited to dat-  
ing at least to 1739. Out of the  
wreck of a burned city when the  
attack of Lord Dunmore exposed it  
to the enemy, brave citizens brave-  
ly put it to the torch, and from the  
wreck one venerable church only re-  
mained, standing as it did then so  
stands today, only now ivy clad,  
standing in the shady wall enclosed  
burial yard, from the ashes of that  
great fire, it stands serene, a lone  
relic of an almost forgotten dim past.  
In this church little Jimmie's grand-  
father and his father were christened  
as babies and Jimmie wore the care-  
fully preserved, yellowing with time,  
finely stitched and embroidered lace  
robe made over sixty years ago in  
Russia and brought from there by  
his great grandmother, who made a  
trip around the world, and that had  
been worn by his grandfather and  
father at their christenings in Old  
St. Paul's. In the church was collect-  
ed a small group of near relatives  
and friends, members of some of the  
oldest families in Virginia on all  
sides of his young mother, the two  
representing the youngest present in  
the audience, surrounded by his  
grandmother, and great aunts and  
aunts and uncles, his family friends,  
his godmother, Mrs. John Branch  
Green, godfathers, Tazwell Taylor  
Hubbard and William Tallaferra, war-  
ted his arms and legs as well as he  
could, swathed as they were in his  
long christening robe, that sixty  
years before had clothed his grand-  
father for the sacred rite of the  
Episcopal Church. As the rector of  
the church took him in his arms, and  
sprinkled some water from the Jordan  
River, on the head of the little  
boy, had heard the words of the ser-

### DISPELLING THE FOG

By Charles Michelson

Director of Publicity, Democratic  
National Committee

San Francisco.— The newspapers  
here are discussing the contest be-  
tween Ex President Hoover and Gov-  
ernor Merriam for control of the Cal-  
ifornia delegation to the Republic-  
an National Convention next year.

It is a trifle confusing, for the field  
captains of both forces disclaim bids  
for the presidential nomination by  
either of the principals, and outsiders  
are told—vaguely—of a desire to die-  
late the appointment of the next  
National committeeman from this  
state. The idea is that the National  
committeeman will control the pat-  
ronage, when and if, there is a Re-  
publican President.

It would appear that the Govern-  
or has a little edge on the situation, in-  
asmuch as so far all campaign pro-  
posals have emanated from the Hoov-  
er side. The proffer was to give the  
delegation half and half to Hoover  
and Merriam, with the understanding  
that the Ex President should direct  
how the delegation would vote, as it  
affects the nomination of a candidate,  
while the Governor was to have the  
say as to the National Committeeman  
The Hoover people are even willing,  
according to the newspaper stories,  
to let the Governor have a favorite  
son complimentary vote. The Gov-  
ernor's board of strategy turned this  
down and now it appears that the  
Hooverites have withdrawn their  
proposition and are prepared for a  
drag-out fight for the whole works in  
the May primaries.

It looks to a fellow on the sidelines  
as if Merriam was in a good way that  
his candidacy should be depressed in  
this fashion, and that he wants an  
honest-to-goodness shot at the nomi-  
nation, on the theory that his claims  
and chances are as good as anybody's  
in the scramble among the stand-  
patters and Progressives. This may  
seem like a tall order for a man who  
was elected Governor only because  
California had a conviction fit by re-  
ason of Katie Sinclair's Democratic can-  
didacy last year.

It is hardly like that Governor Mer-  
riam seriously thinks that nomination  
means anything in the way of elec-  
tion to the Presidency. California is  
generally conceded to Roosevelt, but  
a nomination would be a fine decora-  
tion for any Republican politician,  
and most useful in advancing his po-  
litical ambitions in his own state.

Merriam is in the same class as  
London of Kansas, Hoffman of New  
Jersey, Nice of Maryland and in fact  
everyone of the eight Republican Gov-  
ernors, who have survived the Roose-  
velt landslide, not to speak of the  
half-dozen Senators who—like Van-  
denburg, Dickinson of Iowa, or Ar-  
thur Robinson of Indiana—are in the  
same position. Incidentally, I doubt  
if there is one of these, with the ex-  
ception of Barah of Idaho, who would  
not jump at the Vice Presidential  
nomination. It is almost classical  
that aspirants for the lesser honor bid  
first for the big job.

### G. O. P. Enthusiasm in California

Under Control  
In this California embroglio, there  
is apparent no enthusiasm either for  
Mr. Hoover or the Governor. The  
newspapers generally follow the lead  
of the Hearst press. They confine  
their comments to denunciation of  
President Roosevelt and give more  
space both editorially and in their  
news columns to the aspirations of  
Eastern Republican candidates than  
to those of the home products. I  
have not noted one conspicuous news-  
paper that has shown any excitement  
for or against either of the competi-  
tors, which is rather a strange exhibi-  
tion of lassitude in the temperamen-  
tal Golden State.

Mr. Hoover continues his forays  
into the East. The newspapers out  
here generally chronicle his speeches  
on their inside pages. Occasionally  
there is a laudatory presentation of the  
fact that he has been conferring with  
some of the other entries in the race,  
or has sat on the same platform with  
the high priests of the ancient regime  
in New York or elsewhere.

He drifts in and out of San Fran-  
cisco, unnoticed and unsung. No  
delegations bother to see him off; no  
bands, or crowds assemble to welcome  
his returns.

This is no way to treat a favorite  
son engaged in high emprise. In  
fact the neglect of the conventional  
in this regard leads to the suspicion  
that the Hoover machine is amateur-  
ish, to put it mildly. It is a political  
tradition that a candidate of a state,  
let alone a national candidate, must  
be permitted to move nowhere with-  
out demonstration to impress the  
world with the hysterical enthusiasm  
of his supporters. If it does not  
come spontaneously, it is the job of  
the organization to supply it. Then  
the news reels can be kept busy show-  
ing how militant and fierce is the  
popular candidate, and so provoke or  
encourage similar manifestations else-  
where.

Theoretically, Mr. Hoover is not a  
declared candidate. His is the fam-  
iliar position of one who, devoid of  
selfish ambition, is willing to do his  
duty as his country calls him. He  
will not shirk, regardless of his de-  
sire for a quiet private life, if the  
nation asks his service; he will not  
resist if he is drafted.

He followed the responses of the  
G.O. parents as they followed the min-  
ister in the service, one could not  
help feeling the great hold of the  
Churches on the people, their stead-  
fast influence through the ages that  
have gone and for the ages to come,  
something far beyond us than the  
mere sound of the minister's closing  
words of the service: "We receive  
this child into the congregation of  
Christ's flock; and do sign of the  
cross, in token that hereafter he shall  
not be ashamed to confess the faith  
of Christ crucified and manfully to  
fight under his banner, against sin,  
the world, and the devil; and to con-  
fess Christ's faithful soldier until  
his life's end. Amen."

Mrs. B. B. Williams came in from  
Beckley last Tuesday to spend the  
holidays with home folks.

### Noes and Noses

By D. A. McVicker

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"No," said Betty.  
Her sister looked at her in de-  
spair. There are "Noes" and "Noes,"  
just as there are noses and noses. Betty  
had one of the loveliest of noses,  
short and just the least bit tip tilted.  
She had also one of the firmest of  
"Noes."

Her sister Virginia who was little  
and confiding and sweet, looked in  
grieved surprise at this haughty, tip-  
nose Betty. Virginia was happily  
married to the grandest man in the  
world and she saw no reason why ev-  
ery girl shouldn't be happily married,  
too. And as Betty had a chance at  
the second best man alive, she certainly  
shouldn't be standing there and say-  
ing "No" in that heartless way.

"For Betty and her Chuck had quar-  
reled. Not the cheery, fun-to-make-up  
sort of quarrel, but the hard, unyield-  
ing one.

And then a ring had changed hands  
—not as it had a month ago, going on  
a small white finger. But hung out at a  
firm brown hand that had clapped it  
into a pocket. Since then, Betty hadn't  
sung about the house, and Chuck—  
there just wasn't any Chuck.

Virginia couldn't stand it.  
"You were both wrong, of course,"  
she said. "You shouldn't have said  
Chuck didn't know what he was talk-  
ing about—even if he didn't. And  
Chuck shouldn't have said women  
haven't any sense—even if they haven't.  
But you know how stubborn he is, Bet-  
ty. If you'd just let him see you're  
sorry—"

"No," said Betty.  
"Betty," Virginia coaxed, "you've  
said you had such a happy time visit-  
ing me. You said you'd do anything  
on earth for me. You said I had only  
to ask a favor of you and you'd grant  
it."

This was a rather unkind reminder  
for it had been in the glorious flush of  
her engagement to Chuck that Betty  
had made that promise. Dancng  
around her sister's red and white kit-  
chen, with the light through the cas-  
ement windows reflecting red and white  
gingham flashed from a brand new dia-  
mond, she had assured Virginia of her  
unyielding gratitude.

Now she spoke stiffly.  
"I will be glad to do anything on  
earth but that, Virginia."

Now brains weren't becoming to Vir-  
ginia's style, so she always carefully  
concealed the fact that she had any.  
But once in a while when she dared  
let them have free rein, she looked as  
she did now. Wicked. Planning.

"Well," she said, "will you make  
the salad for dinner for me? Bob likes it  
made just exactly by my recipe—and I  
have an errand downtown. Will you  
do that for me?"

From sorrows to salads is a quick  
leap, and Betty blinked. She even  
looked a little taken aback at this  
matter-of-fact interpretation of her of-  
fer. But she nodded slowly. "I'm not  
much of a cook," she said. "But I'll  
try. Give me exact directions."

She was planted by the window,  
right where the sun could shine direct-  
ly on her pretty face and was busily  
chopping away when Virginia came out  
of the house, trim in ascot-tied scarf  
and tilted beret. A little dimple  
showed at the corner of her chin and she  
laughed softly as she hurried off.

Chuck looked a little surprised when  
his sister of his ex-fiancee halled him  
as he came out of his office, but he  
stopped politely, looking at her out of  
stompy unhappily dark eyes.

"Just the person I wanted to see,"  
she told him. "Bob wanted me to ask  
you very particularly if you'd go over  
to our garage before dinner, and get the  
serial number of the car. He needs it  
for some trade he's thinking about."

If this was an odd request, Chuck  
was too miserable to think about it.  
He went off slowly, walking down the  
street and around the path that led to  
Bob's garage. It also led past the  
kitchen window.

That night at dinner, Bob took a  
mouthful of salad. Then he lifted his  
hand in surprise—

"Virginia!" he began.

But Virginia didn't hear. She was  
listening ecstatically to sounds outside  
the house—under the honeysuckle vine,  
to be exact. To two people who hadn't  
wanted any dinner—who had preferred  
to stay outside and look at the moon.